

DOCTOR BARBERON.

The Story of a French Trial for Murder.

CHAPTER V.

A—was not an assize town; so Barberon was transferred to N— a few days before that appointed for his trial.

I ghted at the hotel where Madame Perreau and her child were staying, for the trial was expected to last a week; and the widow had taken a suite of apartments.

Not knowing how soon I might be called, I was obliged to linger about the waiting-room, where old Grassier and his daughters began to hold forth about their woes.

Barberon was gullitined his property would not go to them, but to heirs of his own kith. They called this monstrous, and had constituted themselves 'partie civile,' i. e., plaintiffs jointly claiming damages for Madame Barberon's death.

Dr. Lenoir joined me and explained his theory of poisoning by inhalation. He was nervous as an actor about to tread the boards for the first time, and every time a door opened he started, cleared his throat and pulled down his wristbands, expecting to be called.

The newspaper reports published next morning confirmed this. Goaded to fury by the President's questions, insinuations, and sneers, (for French judges always act if they were retained by the prosecution), Barberon had repeatedly lost his temper.

'What do you know about poisons, sir? What dose of arsenic do you think sufficient to kill a woman?' 'It depends,' stammered the Insurance doctor.

'Have you ever seen a person die of arsenic without vomiting or convulsions during sleep?' 'I—really—'

'I tell you it was of cholera she died, and you are nothing better than an idiot. You may take it, if you like, that I administered the cholera willfully. I won't pretend that I didn't know the strength of the dose I mixed.'

Here Maitre Farcy started up in dismay. 'I beg the gentleman of the jury to pay no heed to my unhappy client's ravings,' he said. 'I will urge in my defense that he is not accountable for all his actions.'

'That it—say that I'm a madman at once,' shouted Barberon, indignantly. 'No, I am tired of all this. You are mistaken if you think I will consent to be shut up all my life in a lunatic asylum to avoid losing my head on the scaffold.'

'Even if you acquit me, of what value will my life be to me now you have all befouled it together? I prefer telling the truth. I did poison my wife—with cholera, not with arsenic. We lived unhappily together. She was ill, and I put her painlessly out of her misery. If there be a Heaven, she is there, and better off than she was with me; if there be none, she is asleep, and I wish no better fate for myself.'

An indescribable sensation seized upon the audience as this sinister confession was made. Some of the ladies screamed from nervous emotion; an explosion of murmurs burst from on a form below the empty dock, and the seats at the back of the Court were crowded with the public, for upon tier. There was a loud hum of conversation as in a play-house between acts, and the ladies were leveling opera-glasses towards the table where Maitre Farcy was installed in his black gown and cambric fall, pretending to study his brief, but seemingly gratified at the curiosity he was creating.

documents has heard them all. They take a prisoner's career from boyhood, and accumulate all the facts that can tell to his disadvantage. This one recounted that Barberon had been expelled from a private school for insubordination; that he had frightened an old lady, his father's neighbor, by his ungovernable temper; that, being a student, he had borrowed fifty francs from a comrade and had forgotten to repay it; also that on various occasions during his scholastic life he had expressed atheistical opinions. There was a great deal more to the same effect, and the indictment took two hours to read. When it was ended the witnesses were ordered out of court during the prisoner's examination, and I retired with them.

When Egwind, a Northern chieftain, refused to abandon his idols, he first attempted to bribe him, but, when gentler means failed, a chafing-dish of hot coals was placed upon his belly till he died. Rando, the magician, had a more horrible fate; an adder was forced down a horn into his stomach, and left to eat its way out again! The first Christian King of Norway was a habitual drunkard, and, by twofold adultery, he, the husband of Godruna, married Thyra, of Denmark, the wife of Duke Borislaw, of Pomerania.

This led to a war with Denmark and Sweden, whose united fleet surrounded him near Stralsund. As his royal vessel, the Long Serpent, was boarded by the enemy, he plunged into the sea and was no more seen, though some chroniclers say that he swam to the shore in safety and died afterward at Rome, whither he went on pilgrimage.

The peasant population did little less than adore the King, whom they looked upon in a sort of way as their private property. He was not a man who in ordinary times by any means liked people taking liberties with him, as persons around his court were occasionally reminded to their cost; but the peculiar conditions of mountain life and the almost passionate loyalty of his Alpine subjects placed his relations with them on a footing of familiarity which would have been impossible under other circumstances.

The peasant-folk were often known to tötter their King when they got excited; indeed, one day a guide, who thought that he was endangering his life by carelessness in an awkward spot on the edge of a precipice, went very near to swearing at him. Another time a man who was carrying him on his back across a swollen torrent and was irritated by his making some slight movement, said in an audible whisper: "Tentesu, bouchich!" ("Keep still, you Donkey!") To which Victor Emmanuel rejoined: "M'd salo non chiel che l' asol e cou eu porta?" ("But don't you know that the donkey is the one that carries?")

The expert in toxicology was the first to be sworn, and during his deposition Barberon remained quiet enough, biting his nails, and only shrugging his shoulders in contemptuous spasms; but when the Insurance Office Doctor, a pompous man, stood forth to affirm his belief in arsenical poisoning, the prisoner's patience snapped short. Bounding up from his seat in the dock, he cried, in a voice that rang through the court like a trumpet:

'What do you know about poisons, sir? What dose of arsenic do you think sufficient to kill a woman?' 'It depends,' stammered the Insurance doctor.

'Have you ever seen a person die of arsenic without vomiting or convulsions during sleep?' 'I—really—'

'I tell you it was of cholera she died, and you are nothing better than an idiot. You may take it, if you like, that I administered the cholera willfully. I won't pretend that I didn't know the strength of the dose I mixed.'

Here Maitre Farcy started up in dismay. 'I beg the gentleman of the jury to pay no heed to my unhappy client's ravings,' he said. 'I will urge in my defense that he is not accountable for all his actions.'

'That it—say that I'm a madman at once,' shouted Barberon, indignantly. 'No, I am tired of all this. You are mistaken if you think I will consent to be shut up all my life in a lunatic asylum to avoid losing my head on the scaffold.'

'Even if you acquit me, of what value will my life be to me now you have all befouled it together? I prefer telling the truth. I did poison my wife—with cholera, not with arsenic. We lived unhappily together. She was ill, and I put her painlessly out of her misery. If there be a Heaven, she is there, and better off than she was with me; if there be none, she is asleep, and I wish no better fate for myself.'

An indescribable sensation seized upon the audience as this sinister confession was made. Some of the ladies screamed from nervous emotion; an explosion of murmurs burst from on a form below the empty dock, and the seats at the back of the Court were crowded with the public, for upon tier. There was a loud hum of conversation as in a play-house between acts, and the ladies were leveling opera-glasses towards the table where Maitre Farcy was installed in his black gown and cambric fall, pretending to study his brief, but seemingly gratified at the curiosity he was creating.

claimed Christianity throughout his dominions, heard masses daily himself, and sent out missionaries through his dominions. But the duty of the so-called missionaries had little to do with teaching, they were only required to baptize.

All who refused baptism were tortured and put to death. When, at one time, the estates of the Province of Thromitjem tried to force Olaf back to the old religion, he outwardly assented, but made the condition that the offended pagan deities should in that case be appeased by human sacrifice—the sacrifice of the twelve nobles who were most urgent in compelling him; and upon this the ardor of the chieftains for paganism was cooled, and they allowed Olaf unhindered to demolish the great statue of Thor, covered with gold and jewels, in the center of the Province of Thromitjem, where he founded the city then called Nidaros, upon the River Nid. No end of stories are narrated of the cruelties of Olaf Trygvesson.

When Egwind, a Northern chieftain, refused to abandon his idols, he first attempted to bribe him, but, when gentler means failed, a chafing-dish of hot coals was placed upon his belly till he died. Rando, the magician, had a more horrible fate; an adder was forced down a horn into his stomach, and left to eat its way out again! The first Christian King of Norway was a habitual drunkard, and, by twofold adultery, he, the husband of Godruna, married Thyra, of Denmark, the wife of Duke Borislaw, of Pomerania.

This led to a war with Denmark and Sweden, whose united fleet surrounded him near Stralsund. As his royal vessel, the Long Serpent, was boarded by the enemy, he plunged into the sea and was no more seen, though some chroniclers say that he swam to the shore in safety and died afterward at Rome, whither he went on pilgrimage.

The expert in toxicology was the first to be sworn, and during his deposition Barberon remained quiet enough, biting his nails, and only shrugging his shoulders in contemptuous spasms; but when the Insurance Office Doctor, a pompous man, stood forth to affirm his belief in arsenical poisoning, the prisoner's patience snapped short. Bounding up from his seat in the dock, he cried, in a voice that rang through the court like a trumpet:

'What do you know about poisons, sir? What dose of arsenic do you think sufficient to kill a woman?' 'It depends,' stammered the Insurance doctor.

'Have you ever seen a person die of arsenic without vomiting or convulsions during sleep?' 'I—really—'

'I tell you it was of cholera she died, and you are nothing better than an idiot. You may take it, if you like, that I administered the cholera willfully. I won't pretend that I didn't know the strength of the dose I mixed.'

Here Maitre Farcy started up in dismay. 'I beg the gentleman of the jury to pay no heed to my unhappy client's ravings,' he said. 'I will urge in my defense that he is not accountable for all his actions.'

'That it—say that I'm a madman at once,' shouted Barberon, indignantly. 'No, I am tired of all this. You are mistaken if you think I will consent to be shut up all my life in a lunatic asylum to avoid losing my head on the scaffold.'

'Even if you acquit me, of what value will my life be to me now you have all befouled it together? I prefer telling the truth. I did poison my wife—with cholera, not with arsenic. We lived unhappily together. She was ill, and I put her painlessly out of her misery. If there be a Heaven, she is there, and better off than she was with me; if there be none, she is asleep, and I wish no better fate for myself.'

An indescribable sensation seized upon the audience as this sinister confession was made. Some of the ladies screamed from nervous emotion; an explosion of murmurs burst from on a form below the empty dock, and the seats at the back of the Court were crowded with the public, for upon tier. There was a loud hum of conversation as in a play-house between acts, and the ladies were leveling opera-glasses towards the table where Maitre Farcy was installed in his black gown and cambric fall, pretending to study his brief, but seemingly gratified at the curiosity he was creating.

Ten o'clock struck, an usher announced 'The Court,' and the whole assembly rose while the judges marched in. There were five of them all in scarlet and ermine and gold, laced velvet bonnets; behind strode the Prosecutor General, also in scarlet. This official made for a private pulpit of his own, and gave a sign that the prisoner should be introduced. A door at the back on the dock opened, and Dr. Barberon suddenly appeared on the threshold with two inevitable gendarmes guarding him. In a moment he stood full in the sunlight, and, carrying his head erect, looked strikingly handsome. He was dressed, in black clothes and gloves; his hair was brushed off his forehead, and his pallor and subdued demeanor lent him a dignity I had never seen in him before. A long burst of whispering broke forth as he advanced to the rail, but silence was called; and soon a deep hush fell upon the Court while the Procurator's Clerk proceeded in a sing-song voice to read the indictment.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. Golden Medical Discovery. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrofula to a common Blotch, Pimple, or Eruption, Erysipelas, Scurvy, Fever, Swellings, Itchy or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

Pierco's Pleasant Urative Pills. No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills. These Pills (Little Pills) are scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Being entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using them. They operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation.

THE CINCINNATI DAILY STAR. Eight Pages, Forty-Eight Columns, With Four Editions Every Afternoon. Newsy, Bright, Readable and Reliable, and all for the small sum of Twelve Cents per Week.

ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND. CLARK'S ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND. The Greatest Blood Purifier Ever Yet Discovered. A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD.

CLARK'S ANTI-BILIOUS COMPOUND. The Greatest Blood Purifier Ever Yet Discovered. A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE FOR DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BLOOD. We do not recommend Clark's Anti-Bilious Compound for a single Disease that it has not already Cured.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Corrected to Accord With City Time. CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILWAY. Depot, corner McLean ave. and West street. Depart Arrive. Cincinnati Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Mt. Sterling Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Frankfort Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Richmond Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Lexington Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Danville Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. Winchester Ex. 8:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m.